

THE MARTYRED PRINCESS. THE MALE FLIRT. THE OLD STANDARDS OF
BUCKLESBURY. THE FATAL WALTZ. CURING A LOVER.

143

THE MARTYRED PRINCESS.

FROM THE GERMAN.

The Princess Josephine was the beauty of her father's court, rivalling even the matured splendor of her mother, the majestic Maria Theresa. When her sister, the Archduchess Caroline, who had been betrothed to the Duke of Parma, fell a victim to that then scourge of mankind, the small pox, Josephine was selected to fill her place, as much on account of her loveliness, as because her mother deemed that her soft and pliant disposition would render a fitting tool in her hand, to watch the intentions of the Court at Parma, and report them to the Queen of Hungary.

Of all this, however, Josephine was ignorant. She had heard much of the beauty and manly courage of her betrothed lover, and it was with a happy smile, therefore, that she stood before the altar and gave her hand to his ambassador. Never had she looked lovelier than on this occasion. Her clear and lofty brow; her deep soft blue eyes; the quiet and soul-lit expression of her face, seemed now to be even more beautiful than they were wont to be; while the delicate blush suffusing her fine countenance threw a charm around her indescribable. And when her father pressed her to his bosom, and blessed her, and the tears gushed into her melting azure eyes, the audience, who witnessed the ceremony, thought they had never seen one half so lovely.

That evening the Princess sat alone, for the last time, in her favorite boudoir. She held in her hand a miniature of her husband, and she blushed as she looked on the manly beauty of his face.

Suddenly fine music was heard; they were playing an Italian air, slow and melancholy in its expression. Josephine knew the words of this music; it painted tender and passionate love. She blushed as she looked at the portrait, which she held in her hand ; she looked forth, until the view was lost in the distance, perhaps to think over the future, dreaming as youth loves to do, when imagination lends its brilliant illusions to reality. These images of happiness enchanted her heart, when the door of the apartment opened. It was the Empress.

Josephine arose, strongly moved at the sight of her mother. Maria Theresa was cold and proud in her demeanor, she suffered no opposition to her will; it was not to be wondered at, that the countenance of the Princess should express embarrassment and reverence, rather than childlike affection at the sight of her mother. The Empress seemed at present, however inclined to tenderness. When her daughter offered her a seat, she advanced, took the hand of the Princess kindly within her own, drew her towards her, and then seated herself with her in the recess of a window. She then immediately opened the conversation.

" These are Italian books," she said, " and the music I heard is also Italian. Ah, dear child, do you already seek to forget us! Alas, these bonds which are so strong amongst ordinary people, with us are weak, if not wholly broken. How often, dear daughter of my heart, must I have appeared cold and stern to you! But the cares of the throne as seldom allow to me a cheerful blow, as an outpouring of the heart. Dear child, when far away thou thinkest of thy mother, remember the cares with which she is overwhelmed."

Josephine was deeply moved. She seized the hand of the Empress and bathed it in tears. Her mother now ventured to hint to her daughter her

wishes. She kissed that soft, confiding face, and said,

" I know you love me, Josephine, and will do my will —hear me now!" and she proceeded to reveal to her daughter her wish that she—a Princess, and a wife!— should become a spy in her husband's cabinet.

At first Josephine listened in doubt, but as the truth broke upon her, she turned suddenly from her mother. At length she found words.

"No, no," she cried, while she sank at the feet of the Empress, "to observe his actions! to penetrate his most secret thoughts that I may lay the information before the Austrian Court! to excite his confidence in order to betray it! No, no, this cannot be my duty. My love would then be nothing but—"

" Softly, softly, Princess," interrupted Maria Theresa, while she repressed with difficulty the anger that sparkled in her eyes, " I was not prepared for such a burst of romantic love."

" The character of a spy," said the Duchess, as she raised herself with dignity, "does not suit a daughter of Maria Theresa."

At this moment, the expression of her face, assumed a character of grandeur and pride, such as had never before been visible in it. Her brow hitherto always serene, became furrowed. One might have mistaken the Princess Josephine for the Empress. She, when she perceived her daughter look so much like herself, lost all hope of making her the docile instrument of her will.

" I believe indeed," she said with derisive laugh, " that the little Colonel has turned your head. But we have not yet learned to tolerate self-will and disobedience. Leave it to me to settle this business."

"Dear mother," cried Josephine, endeavoring to retain her, " for God's sake, do not leave me with such coldness."

The Empress withdrew her hand—their eyes met. As the Princess caught a glance of the pale face of her mother, in which was painted an expression of concentrated bitterness, she fell back fainting on her seat

When she recovered her senses, she exclaimed sorrowfully, " it is broken!" as she looked at the fragments of the broken chain, to which the picture of the Duke of Parma, had been attached. The Empress, when she broke from her daughter with so much indignation, had entangled herself in the chain and broken it. The Duchess leaned against the balcony, dissolved in tears.

It is a crushing pain to the souls of the young, when they discover that their deepest feelings have been awakened, only to plunge them into misery. But sorrow and amazement now vanished from the strong, presentiment of a near, threatening, and terrible peril, which overpowered all other emotions. The shadows of night began to extend themselves. Josephine had looked on the pale and angry countenance of the Empress by the doubtful twilight; the power of her imagination still presented to her its threatening aspect. The loneliness around her became insupportable. She called her ladies around her. Yet, neither their laughing faces, the sound of their voices, the brightness of the lights, nor the songs of her beloved sister Pauline, had power to cheer the soul of the Princess. She walked up and down the apartment with unsteady step, when a knock was heard at the door, and she was awakened from her reverie by terror.

It was Martini, the confessor of the Empress. The features of this priest were modelled like those of an ancient statue. His lofty brow gave his face at once a stem and penetrating expression. His demeanor was humble and benevolent, his voice slow and gentle; yet it was impossible to avoid a sensation of fear at his presence. No one ever looked on that cold, unpitied eye, without saying to himself—" This is a man who delights in human

misery."

He approached the Duchess, looked at her dress, for in changing her robe after the ceremony, she had put on black, her usual color, and said, "I see with pleasure, my daughter, that you did not await my coming to prepare for fulfilling the duties of to-night."

"What do you mean?" asked the Princess. "I consulted nothing but my own convenience in changing my dress."

"I believed it to be done from humility. Thy wedding clothes and worldly decoration, would be unsuitable accompaniments for prayers in the presence of the dead."

"I beseech you, explain yourself," cried Josephine, trembling in every limb.

"Your Imperial Highness very well knows, that it is your turn, to watch and pray tonight at the grave of the Archduchess."

Josephine fell with her forehead against the wall. Pauline interposed with these words:

"The Empress will never permit it. Every one knows, that the Archduchess died with the small pox, on which account no one has since entered the chapel."

"On the contrary, her Imperial Majesty expressly demands, that this pious duty shall by no means be neglected. She herself sent me hither, to lead the

Duchess of Parma immediately to the coffin of her sister."

"Appeal to the Emperor," whispered Pauline; "but what can be expected from his will? No—there is no hope there. But throw yourself at the feet of

your mother, I conjure you."

"I have just now seen her," answered the Duchess, with an expression of the deepest distress. Pauline hid her face with both hands.

"I wait," said the priest, "the pleasure of your Imperial Highness, to follow me to the chapel."

Josephine rose to obey.

"I will accompany you," said Pauline, "something might happen to you in the night—"

"Your Imperial Highness must watch alone," answered the confessor decidedly. "Besides, such is the custom."

Martini was still speaking, when a child rushed into the apartment of the Archduchess, and hastened up to embrace her.

"Dear sister, thou wilt leave us perhaps for ever. You must give me twice as many kisses as you usually do."

"Good Maria, thou hast no sorrows; thou wilt sleep quietly to-night"

"Thou wilt perhaps not sleep so quietly, but wilt be happy. To-morrow, and I shall never see thee again."

"Tomorrow, O God!—" At these words a torrent of tears rolled down the cheeks of the Archduchess.

"What is the matter with you?" asked the child. "Why dost thou weep? They told me that thou wast going to reign."

" Good child, may Heaven spare thee such nuptials."

The little girl mingled her tears with those of her sister.

The Duchess repaired to the vault. Her ladies followed her to the door. When it was opened, they perceived that its damp darkness, was changed into a faint twilight by the light of a single taper. Josephine turned around, pressed the weeping Pauline in her arms, and entered the chapel. Her ladies saw her kneeling at the foot of the altar, when the door was slowly closed and locked.

Pauline was obliged to wait until the sitting of the Council Chamber had ended, to inform the Emperor that his favorite daughter was passing the night in an offensive vault, by the corpse of a sister, who had died with an infectious disease. More than half of the night was already gone—

The Emperor hastened himself to the chapel. He found the Archduchess, just in the very spot in which they had left her kneeling before the altar, and her head bowed as if in prayer; her body seemed shrunk, and her arms rested on the marble slab. Her father spoke to her. No answer. He raised her—She was dead!

✍

145

THE MALE FLIRT.

by Ellen Ashton.

" Have you seen Mrs. Gordon since she returned from Europe!" said James Ewing to his friend Henry Alford, as they stood on the steps of the Astor House, " Her widowhood has not impaired her charms; she is even more

beautiful than when she left here two years ago.

"Indeed!—and she has returned, I presume, immensely rich. Her husband was, you know, a millionaire."

"Yes! he died but a short week after they landed at Havre, leaving her all his immense wealth. He will be a fortunate man who wins the widow; and she already has crowds of suitors. If I remember aright, Harry, you once had a sort of flirtation with her, and I was one among those who thought you, rather than the rich Powell, the favored one. Why, in the deuce, didn't you persevere?"

"I was too poor," said Alford, with a shrug of the shoulders, "and she was no richer. It would have been madness to many."

"Then why did you pay her such attention?" asked Ewing in some surprise, "for many months you were constantly by her side. I always thought that some little difference—a lover's quarrel you know—had separated you, and that each was too proud to make any advances subsequently."

"Let us step into my room, and I will tell you. Egad, it's a wonder you haven't seen the truth long ago. I thought you knew more of the world."

The two companions were soon seated in Alford's room when he began:

"Emily Maxwell was, you know, a splendid girl. But she was poor. I saw and admired her. Yet my circumstances would not permit me to marry. Now young fellows like myself, who have access to good society and are yet without the means to support a wife, must either fly the company of the dear creatures altogether, or else indulge in what I call innocent flirtation—"

"Innocent!"

" Yes! innocent —why, my dear fellow, you start as if a bomb had rolled under your chair, you needn't be so alarmed at my words. All I mean to say is this— that, because one can't marry one isn't therefore to be deprived of love, I don't mean exactly your serious love, but a sort of half real half jesting feeling, such as one experiences toward a girl he is flirting with. You talk with her, walk with her, read with her, sing with her, and in short pay her pretty devoted attention for a while, but when you find you are in danger of getting, seriously in love, then you back out, and seek some new beauty to flirt with. One may thus have all the little excitements of a courtship—the pique, the soothing, the flattered vanity, the one particular angel to whom you chat in a half whisper—without the danger of involving your honor by an engagement—"

" But surely there is danger in this, if not to yourself, at least to the lady."

" Oh! no—you are a novice, I see, in these matters. The lady has the sense to see that you are only flirting, since you never seriously make love to her—that is you do not tell her you love her, for when a man does that, I hold he is as much bound to go forward and marry her as he is to pay a debt of honor. If I promised to marry a girl I would consider it binding, and keep the promise religiously. I have no charity for a scoundrel who breaks an engagement. But these innocent flirtations are different things. Why—what would the world be worth if one couldn't take moonlight walks with the girls, or have some one whom you visited, you know, especially. If you think the matter's getting serious for her, of course you 'll back out Meantime, however, a man's a fool if he don't have some one with whom he is flirting—its better than lemonade, however spicy—it gives one a sort of poetry of feeling, only surpassed by love itself:—and that you know is a luxury in which a poor dog, like most young professional men, cannot indulge."

" And you mean to say that you carried on some such flirtation with Emily Maxwell."

Alford nodded and smiled.

" But have you not often thought that in her case it was carried a little too far? Have you no misgivings of this?"

His companion adjusted his cravat coolly before the glass, as he replied,

"It may be I did. I confess I have had once or twice uneasy thoughts about it; and I certainly did think more of Emily than of any other girl I ever met, and on that account may have carried the matter a little too far in her case. But, if so, I've repented it. To be frank, I have never seen a woman since whom I admired as I did her."

His companion made no reply, but looked abstractedly and somewhat mournfully into the grate. A silence of some minutes ensued. At length Alford suddenly looked up.

"Do you believe in first love, Ewing]" he said, "that is, do you think it outlives every subsequent affection?"

"I do."

The conversation again stopped, and both companions fell into another fit of musing. At length Ewing rose and departed. As he left the Astor House he soliloquized with himself.

"I wish that when we were on the subject, I had spoken out to Harry. He is a generous fellow in many things; bat on this one point most heartless and unprincipled. He seems, however, to regret his conduct to Mrs. Gordon, and I believe, after all, he talks worse than he acts. He may have been a male-dirt in his comparatively boyish days, but now he surely must have more regard for a woman's feelings than to win her heart by these silent, though seductive attentions of which he speaks, and then desert her, justifying

himself by the mockery of not having told her he loved her."

The thoughts which were passing through Alford's mind when he asked his companion if he deemed a first love the most enduring, our readers have perhaps divined. He was thinking if he might not win the widow, and, although her fortune was not without some influence over him, we will do him the justice to say that, at that moment, regret for having tampered with the feelings of the only woman who had touched his heart, was certainly uppermost. He pondered over the subject long after Ewing left him.

" Yes!" he said, rising, " I will woo you now seriously. If you ever really loved me—and I feel that you once did—it will be no very difficult task to kindle old feelings in you bosom; I will throw myself on your kind heart for forgiveness for the wrong I have done you; and—" he paused and said smiling confidently, " we will yet be happy."

Henry Alford was, as his friend had said, of a really noble nature; but alas! it had been sadly corrupted by the world, as his creed on innocent flirtations witnessed. He was, however, good-looking and talented; he had risen to some note in his profession; and it was therefore with no misgivings, or very slight ones, that he sought a renewal of his intimacy with Mrs. Gordon, for the purpose of becoming a suitor for her hand.

If Emily Maxwell had touched his heart, the beautiful widow won his love. Alford had been a visitor at her mansion, but a short time, when he felt that if he had began his suit as a reparation due to her he had slighted, he now continued it as necessary to his own happiness. Mrs. Gordon was indeed the same as Emily Maxwell, but how immeasurably improved. Not only was her beauty of a more lofty and entrancing character; not only was her intellect expanded and refined; not only was she gifted with accomplishments such as few of her sex could boast of; but her heart seemed to have gained a deeper tone from the trials it had undergone— to have been, as it were, chastened and purified in the furnace of affliction. The love of Emily

Maxwell would have been pure and deep, but after all only that of a girl; the love of Mrs. Gordon was such as a woman, in all the full maturity of her affections, has to bestow. And Alford felt that, having once possessed the love of the girl, he had a key to the affections of the woman.

In this conviction he daily grew more confirmed. No one visited the proud mansion of Mrs. Gordon, who seemed a more welcome visitant. If she did not blush at his entrance as she would have done eight years before, she welcomed him with a cordiality which there was no mistaking. She sang for him, she promenaded with him, and she danced with him—for who does not dance at twenty-six!—and there was nothing wanting in her demeanor toward him, to assure him of her love, except the absence of that conscious embarrassment in his presence which once characterized her. But then she was a blushing girl, and now she was a calm, collected woman. The difference was everything.

"I will propose for her this very evening," said Alford to himself, about six weeks after he had renewed his visits to her, "she must love me—she does love me—I will beg her forgiveness on my knees, and seal it with a kiss as in former days."

That night the lover found his mistress alone, and in a few minutes was on his knees, offering her his hand and heart. But, when he came to the crisis he could not tell her how he had once abused her love—he could not do so even to sue for her forgiveness.

"Rise," said the widow; but her accents were so calm and passionless, that, for the first time, her lover felt a misgiving of the success of his suit. His fears were increased when he arose and took a seat beside her on the sofa. She did not avert her face, her eyes did not seek the ground, there was no conscious blush on her cheek; but her whole demeanor was as collected as if she was performing the most trivial of her daily household duties. The heart of Alford sunk within him: he felt a pang such as he had never

experienced before. It was a pang not only of mortified vanity, but of hopeless agonizing love.

Listen to me, Alford," said Mrs. Gordon, "I am not surprised at this—you see I am not—for I have expected it daily for the last fortnight. You start, but recollect I am not as I was when we met in other days. Travel and sorrow and years have made me a different being, have taught me to read the hearts of others as they once read my own. It is unnecessary to refer to our former intimacy at length, but I must do so partially in order to explain my present determination. You know how you sought my society, how you were ever ready with those little attentions that our sex delight to receive, how you modulated your voice to a whisper when you spoke to me and to me alone. You remember all this, and that these attentions continued for months. Are you surprised, therefore, that I learned to love you—deeply, fervently, unreservedly! It is true you gave me no reason, from any words you said, to believe that you loved me; but is not the eloquence of the eye, the voice, the look even more expressive than that of words? Yes! Henry Alford you knew I loved you—you intended that I should—and yet you deserted me. You left me without explanation. In the recesses of my own heart I was forced to conceal my agony, for it would have been unmaidenly to confess that I loved one who had never solicited my affections. That six months of agony I would not ask even for an enemy, if one I have! But I outlived it I was proud, and I would have died with my secret, if on words only had depended its revelation. But my friends saw the truth in my hollow cheek and sunken eye. Yet they said nothing. At length Mr. Gordon, whom I had once refused, sought my hand again. I had no heart to give him it is true, but I yielded to the solicitations of my friends and married him. Of that step I never repented. From the moment when I promised at the altar to be his, I felt it had become my duty to love him alone, and I resolutely discarded from my heart every feeling at variance with my vow. I looked to God, and he enabled me to go through with the work. Do not flatter yourself with the common belief that a first love is never eradicated—the assertion is true only where the object of that love remains pure in the eyes of the lover.

Years have passed since I learned to look on you only as on the rest of your sex—yes more, as one whom I never could love. You had trifled with, and betrayed me—I could no more confide in your truth. You were not the being my young fancy had painted. And now, Henry Alford, I tell you with as much calmness as I would tell the veriest stranger, that you are nothing to me.

" I will not deny that I might have repelled you at once when you sought again my society. I am no coquette, but I felt it due to my sex to treat you according to the rule on which you have always acted toward us. It was a mere flirtation, perhaps, on your part: I was not bound to suppose you serious until you spoke your love in words. Besides it would have sounded well abroad, that the widow Gordon had refused Mr. Alford'before he had proposed—people would, one and all, have sneered at her as a vain, foolish woman. But mark me, I was not blind to the fact that you loved me. You may even regret the past But for this I care nothing. Think not either that I love another. No other motive dictates my refusal than your conduct to me eight years ago. And now go, Henry Alford, and remember, when you hear or think of me, that I feel no more emotion at your name than I would at that of a stranger."

Paralyzed, and confounded, a prey to conflicting emotions of mortification and baffled love, Alford sat, during these words, unable to articulate a syllable. And when, at their conclusion, Mrs. Gordon coldly rose, to intimate that the interview was over, he rose too, and mechanically taking his hat, bowed and left the room. He felt, both from the language and manner of the widow, that expostulation was vain.

That lesson was not lost on Alford. But he never married. Why, our readers, perhaps, can tell.

Mrs. Gordon a year afterward was united to a gentleman every way worthy of her, and whom she had learnt fervently to love ere she surrendered to him her hand.

Such is the history of but one out of hundreds of a class. Reader! have you never met a Male Flirt?



148

THE OLD STANDARDS OF BUCKLESBURY.

Pleasant old Bucklesbury! Can I ever forget the happy hours I have spent in thee! Favorite resort of schoolboys in their August holidays, here were my happiest vacations passed. When I first knew Bucklesbury, it was a place of some five or six hundred inhabitants, none of them very rich, none very poor. Each of its indwellers was known to all, and a sociability that sprung from the heart, united them in the bonds of neighborly kindness. Their dwellings were not closely packed together as I have seen in some villages which ape the style and appearance of cities, but, generally speaking, each house stood alone, environed by its well kept garden, abounding in flowers. There was no scarcity of fine old shade trees in its highways and byways.

It is now many years since I spent an August there, and most whom I loved therein have been carried to their resting-places in the church-yard; but I love to think of them, and would pay the tribute of a few lines to their memory. It is pleasant to me to remember "the old standards," as the members of the oldest families in the place were called by uncle Bob, the negro barber, waiter and fiddler, himself, perhaps, the oldest inhabitant. Bob knew the dates of all the births, marriages and deaths that had occurred in Bucklesbury for sixty years. He Was the standing chronicle and universal referee in all matters of village chronology; the decision of the relative importance of moderm fires and floods, snow-storms and hail-storms was of course his privilege as the " oldest inhabitant," whose memory as to such matters is always considered unquestionable, by way of exception to the

usually received opinion that the memory grows weak with age. In matters of pedigree, I think Bob was worth a whole college of heralds. To all, gentle and simple, Bob was invariably civil, but the old standard b, the representatives of those families in which he had lived in his youthful days were the chosen objects of his mingled love and reverence. Of nothing was he fonder of discoursing than of the old standards, except, perhaps, the eventful occurrence of his holding General Washington's horse for ten minutes. A stranger could not be long in Bob's company without hearing of that horse-holding, or of the old standards of Bucklesbury, perhaps of both.

In the largest house in the main street lived Major Lane, an especial favorite of mine. A widower without children, he loved to have us boys about him, and his house and grounds were freely open to us. He had served through the Revolution with much credit, and returned to "the dull pursuits of civic life" with a fortune somewhat impaired, but a constitution as vigorous as ever. How he loved to speak, and how we loved to hear of Brandywine, Trenton, and Monmouth battles, in all of which he had done good service as a captain of cavalry! It was a great day with him when he could gather thirty or forty boys about him in his grounds and drill us. The carpenter had made for him, in a rough way, three or four dozen wooden guns, and having armed us with these, the Major would go through his engagements in miniature, it being first settled by lot who should personate, for the time being, the British or the more odious Hessians. How gloriously we marched and countermarched, charged and retreated. The only drawback to our sport was that the boys who played King George's men would sometimes become so interested as to be harder to defeat than was considered proper. Our old friend stood upon a little eminence, pealing forth his orders in that magnificent voice of his—"Advance light infantry!" "Hessians fall back," "Forward Riflemen," and so on.

In front of his door the Major had planted a battery, two small brass cannons, one-pounders, I believe. These we were sometimes allowed to drag about and pretend to fire, our mothers having strictly prohibited the

use of gunpowder in our engagements. Twice a year the Major discharged them himself—on the Fourth of July and the Twenty-Second of February, whose return was duly announced to the village by a Federal salute at sunrise, and a National salute at noon from the Major's pieces. I was told that on these anniversaries, the Major was in high glee, wearing his old "continentals well brushed, and having his hair doubly powdered and his queue arranged with unusual pains for the occasion. A supper for a large party of his friends usually closed the day. On the Fourth of July his door posts were hidden with wreaths and garlands, and they who had no flowers of their own raising for the adornment of their houses, which was then a general custom in the village on that day, were very welcome to Major Lee's garden. Perhaps there is more noise now in Bucklesbury on " the glorious Fourth," but I may doubt if there is as much real enjoyment or so heartfelt a veneration for the day and the men who made it memorable as in the times of which I am speaking.

Miss Susan Slocum, who resided across the way from the Major's, was another of the old standards. A maiden lady of between forty and fifty—uncle Bob, who was a great admirer of her, never thought it right to be more particular—with much of this world's wealth at her disposal, her house was the abode of hospitality and kindness. The best society in the place was here to be met with; I have spent many happy evenings there. Yet with most of the boys, her domain was not so desirable a resort, for she was very particular in her injunctions as to our deportment on her premises, not allowing us to pluck a fruit or flower without express permission, a restraint ill suited to a boy's idea of liberty.

It was a matter of much wonderment to us youngsters that Miss Susan had never married, for she had the remains of considerable beauty, was affluent in her circumstances, and setting aside a few peculiarities more of manner than of temper, was a very amiable woman. Her contemporaries told us that she had been hard to please, had refused several offers, and I have an indistinct recollection that uncle Bob said something to me of a young man

lost at sea. She had a very compassionate heart, and one of her greatest delights was the getting up of benevolent societies, of which she was either President, Secretary or Treasurer. Bucklesbuiy, however, afforded but a narrow field for the exercise of her genius in this particular. Every body being able to set a joint of meat on table, her soup house languished for want of customers; and a barefooted child in winter being a thing unknown, the stock of thick stockings and stout boots, which formed the capital of her Provident Society, was some years in going off. Excepting some domestic medicines of her own compounding, the recipes for which she kept secret, her supplies for the poor were generally unclaimed dividends. It was thought at one time that she and our friend the Major were about to make a match of it. This she stoutly denied, declaring that a man so fond of military amusements would never suit her. His cannonades were her especial aversion. Perhaps those little brass field pieces prevented her becoming Mrs. Lane. Greater trifles have produced greater results.

Tom Hardwicke was a nephew of Miss Susan's, and generally looked upon as the destined heir of her possessions, a supposition which, perhaps, led to his being brought to lead a life of genteel uselessness. When I first knew Tom he had lost both parents, and spent his time living about among his relations. His own possessions were small, and it was amazing how well he got along upon so little money. His mother, his last surviving parent, had been a great favorite in the place, and the orphan boy if he received little else, fell heir, on her death, to the good will of the community. The shopkeepers let him have every thing at cost, and sometimes at a little under. He was a good horseman, and no contemptible sportsman. Under his tutorship I took my first lesson in angling in Bluebird creek, which skirted the village. No kinder hearted creature than Tom ever lived, and he was of great assistance to his aunt in her benevolent enterprises. It was a fortunate thing for any one with a broken arm or leg to fall under his notice. He had the first news of the existence of the varioloid, and had re-vaccinated half the people in the place before the physicians heard of it. Though no student, Tom read much, though with little system. He played a little on the flute, and had his head

well stored with old ballads, with which, in an uncultivated but musical voice, he sometimes favored his friends. Poor Tom! he has been dead for many years, but there are hearts yet beating that cherish his memory.

I passed three days in Bucklesbury, during this past summer. I went to spend a month, but the change in every thing was too painfully great to bear. Twenty years make most perceptible alterations in a small place. The town contains three thousand people, but the spirit of love and cordial sociability has diminished in greater proportion. The society is cut up into three or four circles, which never touch not even in a point. The two congregations have split and re-split, and though there are now six churches, not one of them is half full, and it takes less than two years to starve out every clergyman that settles among them. Somebody invented a new religion there the summer before last, but what its tenets are I was unable exactly to ascertain. They have got a bank at one end of the town, and a poor house at the other. The place seemed close and crowded, and I detected an aping of city manners most disagreeable. "The old familiar faces" had nearly all disappeared, and the second and third generations of those whom I had loved looked coldly on me. I strolled out of town toward my old fishing ground, hoping to find nature, at least, unchanged. Oh nymphs and hamadryads! they had dammed up the creek and. built a paper-mill. Three days, as I have said, were the limit of my visit. The pleasure I had anticipated was not realized, and I left the town resolved to see it no more. The Bucklesbury I loved shall live forever in my memory; as for this modem town which calls itself by its name, is an impostor. Slowly walked the stage horses up the hill to the point where the first view of the town is seen by those arriving by the northern road. In old times I had anticipated that view with delight, but now I turned not to take a last view. It was my own dear old Bucklesbury no longer.



THE FATAL WALTZ.

by Mrs. C. K. POWHELL.

When I was a young girl. I remember paying a visit to an old venerable pile in the country, whose dark walls and intricate passages made an indelible impression on my childish imagination. It stood in a grove of ancient trees, apart from the rest of the village; and nothing can be conceived more solitary than this old pile, when the shades of night had stolen around it. I shall never forget my childish fears whenever I had occasion to travel its long echoing corridors after twilight, and when even the shadows of the trees without, falling across the floor, stirred weird feelings at my heart

I visited the place again in my nineteenth year, but it had lost much of its influence over my mind. The house seemed neither so large nor so solitary as when I visited it in childhood. I could now traverse its wide old staircase after nightfall without a quickened pulsation of the heart, and could lie on my pillow and hear the trees moaning without, and yet keep my head uncovered by the bed-clothes.

But there was one object about the old mansion which remained unchanged, appearing to my fancy just as she had appeared to me ten years before. I mean my aunt Mary. How shall I describe her? She was a cheerful old body, whose kindness of heart was discernible in every lineament of her face. She wore a close neat cap, and a gown of a pattern which had been out of date at least twenty years. A pin cushion usually hung suspended, by a silver chain, from her girdle; and in her hands were always to be seen the never-idle knitting needles. She was the village wonder in the way of simples, and had a knack of preserving peaches, quinces, &c. that few could equal. Her face was like a quiet landscape, soothing the heart by its untroubled expression. Her smile was ineffably sweet Yet she had always a sort of half melancholy look, as if sorrow had, long years before, been busy with her heart When I first visited her, I was struck with this settled yet subdued expression; but I was then too young to think much of the matter. On my second visit, however, my curiosity was aroused, and, as aunt Mary

was an old maid, I busied myself in imagining a thousand versions of what I supposed to be the story of her heart. She had been unfortunate in love, of that I was sure. Aunt Mary saw my curiosity, and one evening, after we had drawn around the fire, and were alone, she gratified me with the following story.

I was once as young as you, Carry, and had the reputation of being handsome beside. I was certainly rather a belle in the village, and was in requisition at every ball or sleigh-ride. Flattered by the attentions paid me I became at length a flirt, and sacrificed many a worthy man to my vanity, by indirectly encouraging his attentions until he had staked his all on winning me, when I coolly dismissed him, affecting astonishment at his love. Ah! Carry, our sex little think of the misery we inflict, until, like me, they have met their punishment.

My heart, in this career of folly, for a long time remained untouched. But at length I was introduced to a person, who, from the first moment of our acquaintance, awakened an interest in my heart. He was at that time just entering on the practice of the profession of the law, and his friends were sanguine of the success which his talents would secure him. Certainly, I never met a more fascinating companion, and this fascination was to be attributed chiefly to his powers of conversation. Unlike all the rest I had met, he seemed insensible to my charms, and though his demeanor was polite, it had not the warmth which characterized that of others toward me. It was perhaps even cold—yet his heart was generous to a fault. This piqued me. I determined to win him.

I will not detail the means by which I succeeded in my design. But although my feelings at first were those only of pique, they grew rapidly into those of love—warm, deep, uncontrollable love! Yes! I loved Albert Charters as few women have loved, with all the fervor of a passionate soul, with all the intensity of a first affection. He returned my love. And when his passion had been confessed, and I had promised to be his, he acknowledged that he had

loved me from the first, and that he had been restrained from confessing his passion at once only by the fear lest I might be the heartless thing, which too many were disposed to call me. How my heart upbraided me at these words!—for it was only by concealing this trait in my character that I had won his love. I felt the deception I had practised on him: I felt that, if he ever discovered it his noble nature would spurn me from him. But I resolved to be, in future, all that he could wish!

Albert was indeed a being such as few women have ever been loved by—generous, and high-minded, he was calculated to awaken affection if ever one of his sex was. He had a lofty idea of a true woman. Above all he looked for her to be guiltless of anything like deception—I felt, from the first, that his love would cease if he came to believe me guilty of an untruth. But, with all this, he had the highest confidence in her he loved. I remember once when we talked of this subject he said,

"I cannot understand that love which has not the fullest reliance in the faith of the beloved object. Years might separate me from the mistress of my heart, but I should feel no jealousy. I could not love unless I believed her I loved incapable of betraying me."

I felt it was an honor to be loved by one who thought thus.

I have said he had a lofty, notion of the female character. He disliked ranch of that which fashion tolerates ; especially was he an enemy to waltzing. Often have I heard him say that he could never love a woman who would suffer an almost total stranger to encircle her waist in this amusement How I feared lest some one would whisper to him. that I had once indulged in this pastime merely to bring new victims to my toils. But happily we met while I was on a visit to a neighboring city, where there were few to betray me. Yet .the consciousness that I was deceiving him was always a thorn in my bosom, and often would I have told him all if I had dared. Ah! never expect to win or retain affection by such means. My punishment was at hand.

The time came, at length, at which I was to return home, and a large party was given in honor of me a few days prior to my leaving the city. Among the guests was a gentleman who resided in our village. I trembled,

I scarcely knew why, when I saw him enter—I trembled more when he advanced toward me and asked me to waltz. I declined. He seemed somewhat surprised; but I said nothing. Albert had overheard his request, and evinced, I thought, some surprise in his countenance, that an old friend, who must have known my sentiments, should have asked me to waltz.

"I am so glad you have come," said I, taking his arm, "for Mr. Carleton has been asking me to waltz. He is one of your quizzing kind, and is ever pestering me on the subject"

I felt my cheek burn as I uttered this untruth, but I feared that Albert's suspicions had been aroused, and it was necessary to allay them. His reply shewed me that my consciousness of guilt had awakened unnecessary fears.

"I am surprised at the rudeness of Mr. Carleton in pressing you about a subject, on which he knows your opinions. Let us," he continued, in a tone that convinced me he had entertained no suspicion of the truth, "let us promenade!"

In less than a week I took a tearful farewell of P-, and returned to my native village. It was October when I reached home, and Albert was to follow me in the spring. Until then I had to content myself with his letters instead of himself—letters, which however dear, were nothing to the eloquent voice of the writer.

I had heard often through the newspapers of the triumph of my adored Albert at the bar and in the senate; for he had already entered political life, and was foremost in his party for talents and popularity. How my heart beat,

how my eyes swam when I perused the accounts of the effect produced by his eloquence. His success endeared him more and more to my heart:

I felt as if his triumphs were my own, and my pride rose in proportion..

But much as I worshipped Albert my vanity was still strong within me, and I had been but a few months at home before my love of admiration led me into many acts of which my conscience told me he would disapprove. At first my remorse was great, when, after spending an evening abroad, I returned to my chamber with the consciousness of having, in the excitement of company, sought as of old to attract admirers by those arts which I knew Albert despised, and which he deemed me above descending to; but gradually this wore off and by the time the winter was at its height, I was as eager as ever for the applause of salons, as full of the arts of the coquette as I was before Albert had taught me to love. Often, however, I felt remorse for my conduct, and resolved to be really what my lover supposed me to be. But my vanity always triumphed; and I consoled my more selfish fears by the thought that he could never learn my conduct

It was in the full tide of the annual round of parties which the winter brought with it that I was invited to attend a ball at a neighboring village. I went of course. Mr. Carleton who had lately come into possession of a splendid fortune was there, and was the mark to which all the designing belles directed their charms. He was ignorant of my engagement with Albert, for the matter had been kept a profound secret and on this evening my vanity was elevated by the particularity of the attentions he paid to me. I felt that I was envied by nearly all my sex in the room, and my spirits rose in proportion at my silly triumph. At length Mr. Carleton asked me to waltz. For a moment I hesitated, since, far as my folly had gone, it had not led me heretofore to break Albert's express wish on this subject; but after reflecting that he could not possibly hear of it, and thinking how it would add to my present triumph, I consented; and with my partner's arm fondly encircling my waist, and my breath mingling with his own, I was being whirled through

this mazy dance, when, on looking up a moment, as we approached the lower end of the room, I saw the face of Albert gazing on me in sorrow and surprise. He seemed to have just come in. As his eye caught mine an expression of mournful reproof, which was succeeded by a look of the keenest agony, passed across his face. I felt the room swim giddily around me, and uttering a stifled shriek, I sank in a dead faint to the floor. I recollect nothing more for days.

When I recovered my senses I found myself lying on a sick-bed, with my dear mother watching tearfully beside me. She clasped me in her arms, and thanked heaven that I was still alive. Then, as my recollection returned to me, and I eagerly asked if Albert had called, she drew me closer to her breast, and wept afresh. I knew by those agonising tears that my folly had met its own punishment, and I fainted away again.

I will not tire you with the account of my long recovery. It was only when I was convalescent that my mother put a letter in my hand, whose every word is engraven on my memory. It was from Albert By the date I knew that it was written on the night of that fatal ball. The note had neither address nor signature. " Farewell," it said, " and forever. I see that I have been deceived; but—oh! Mary—that it should have been by you. Never more can I love you, since I cannot longer confide in your truth. Farewell!"

How many tears I shed over that little fragment of paper it avails not to say. I felt that it cut me off from hope; and I knew that my own folly had brought on this punishment This aggravated my grief, and long kept me on the borders of the grave.

I learned that Albert, having been brought unexpectedly near our village by business, had determined to surprise me by a visit He had stopped at the house, but hearing that I was at the ball, he had ridden over for me, as he had but a single day to spend at our house. Bitter! bitter! was that visit to me. And yet my deceit merited such punishment I never saw Albert after

that fatal night He returned to the distant city of P--, and thenceforth I was cured of my vanity. I trust this trial changed me, and made me a different being. And now you know, dear Carry, why I am an old maid, and why a shade of sorrow will often steal over me. Oh ! take lesson by me, and discard vanity.

My aunt Mary ceased, and as she turned away, I saw her wipe a tear from her eye. The snows of fifty years had not quenched the feelings of her heart; nor could the lessons of religion wholly remove her sorrow. Often, during her narration; had her voice faltered with emotion From that day I loved my aunt Mary more than ever; and from that day, I too, I trust, was a better woman. Cincinnati, 1842.

✍

153

CURING A LOVER.

by B. B . THOM.

CHAPTER I.

" Mr dear Fanny, I am in a terrible state of agitation —I am ennuied —I am out of spirits—I am frightfully excited; for you must know that I am threatened—yes, threatened with the exhibition of a most horrible scene here this very day." The speaker was a pretty actress who had turned the heads of all the beaux frequenting Covent Garden Theatre. She was consequently not without a spice of vanity—what pretty woman is !—although she had an under-current of good sense which prevented her head from being altogether turned by the flattery she daily received. The person whom she addressed was her confidante.

" What can be the matter, my dear Maria ! Has some one of your numerous admirers fallen out with you!"

'No—no; the fops that cluster around me have neither head nor heart."

" What then—have you had a visit from your old aunt, Dorothea!"

" Nor that either; I have got rid of her."

" Then what is it harasses you so much !"

" This—and oh! my dear Fanny, do you not pity me! A young fellow (for such I suppose him to be) has written me a letter, stating that he intends to come here at four o'clock, and to blow his brains out under my very windows!!!"

" Psha! he's a fool."

" Yes; but a fool that is dying in love. A run-a-way from St. Luke's, that has been reading Weither. Here is the fiftieth letter, at least, that I have had from him— from the poor deserted young man, who calls himself " Cornelius." At first he said he wished to live for my sake. That was bad enough ! but now he threatens to die beneath my 'lovely eyes'—that is awful! Now, what I want to know is, has a lady a right to let an enamored swain die, when the individual himself has no desire to live!"

" What you ought to do, in my opinion, is this— admit him to your presence. If he be clever he will amuse us, and you may condescend to request of him to live. But if he be a fool—why then let him kill himself; perhaps it is the very best thing he can do for his family, and the most useful thing he may ever attempt for the benefit of society."

" Yes—but if I tell him to live, he may, like a thousand others, plague me with the unmeaning, frivolous declaration of his affection, when you know I care

for none but Henry—that I intend to marry."

"Then, if he should become such a bore, you must only treat him as you do 'a promise to pay'—you are

accountable for the bill, and never think of it; the day of payment comes, and it is protested, and then—it is out of your mind for ever."

"But would there not be something like a want of truth in all this!"

"Not at all—it would be mere coquetry. Such an admirer is like the last new novel—you may give an hour or so to it, if it is amusing, and if dull, why fling it in the corner."

"Yes—but if the book should become so agreeable, that I may wish to read it to the third volume!"

"Why, then my dear—Providence may have great blessings in store for you; and as to your poor Henry he—will be to be pitied."

The chat of these two friends was interrupted by Miss Maria's chambermaid, who thus addressed her mistress—

"Oh! la! Miss, there is such a very odd man below stairs. He is a great, big, fat person, six feet high, and with such very, very red hair—and he must be ninety years old I 'm certain; and he is so vulgar, and speaks with such an accent—and he insists upon seeing you. I'm sure he must be an Irishman, or a creditor; he is so very impudent—I shut the door in his face."

"Then go and open it again, Sally. If he is an Irishman, he will amuse us with his brogue and his speechifications, being a composition of something that is not elevated enough for poetry, nor sufficiently intelligible to be prose. We shall laugh at him, and he in return will sing our praises in the wilds of

Connaught or the banks of the Liffey; and if, as I believe he is, a creditor, I will begin by—not paying him a single farthing. Then I shall get rid of him by giving him an order for a private box, and there I can look at him applauding me, because I am determined to—die his debtor. Sally, tell him to walk up: and Fanny, do you take a seat there, and if it be necessary come to my rescue."

The two pretty young women set themselves down on the sofa together, while the servant hurried off to introduce the singular and mysterious visitor.

CHAPTER II.

The individual who now entered the room was a man apparently about sixty years of age. He was in height at least six feet three inches, and was as fat as Lablache. He had an immense nose, and an enormous face that was covered with a beard and whiskers that were half red and half white. His large grey eyes opened with astonishment upon the exquisite beauties, that he saw before him. He became in an instant confused and utterly embarrassed. He had to make a bow; but he bowed at the same time with head, hand, and foot—and, having performed this extraordinary feat, he continued to gaze at the ladies, who threw at him the most enebanting looks, although they spoke not. At length silence was broken by the stranger.

"Your servant, ladies—your servant, I say. But may be you don't know who I am no more than the stupid waiter at the Golden Cross; although there's not a ragged boy in Patrick-street that couldn't tell that my name is Corney O'Donaghue, of Drisheen Park. Now then, as you know myself in person, might I be so bould as to be after askin' which of the two of you is Miss Maria Garnett?"

"It is I, sir," answered the inimitable actress, lowly bending my head. "I perceive that you never honor Covent Garden with your presence."

" There never was a truer word said by your purty lips, my dear. The dickens a garden or orchard I ever was in all London—because why, I'm only this very day landed from Cork city."

" Oh! he is an Irish poet," whispered Miss Garnett tp her friend.

"But do you see me now," continued Mr. O'Donaghue, as he clapped his enormous fist on the gilded back of a chair; " do you see me now. Miss; when I am at home in Drisheen Park, it's my fashion to ask a stranger to sit down at all events, and may be, too, to ask him if he has a mouth upon him; but it is not the custom here, I see, and so as I am completely knocked up, and bothered, I'll take the liberty of taking a chair, though I was never offered one."

" He is a creditor," remarked Miss Archer.

" Now, I 'll be bound you want to know what brought me all the way to London," continued the visiter; " why, then, the long and short of it is this—I have two sons, two as fine-looking boys as ever made the praties vanish out of a dish. Well, now, just listen to me, one of these follows the occupation of his father."

" You are a grocer, sir, I presume."

"I'm an Irish gentleman, ma'am, and one of my ancestors was the King of the Barony of Whackaway- nacroostha, in the good old times; and as for myself and my eldest son, we can tell the difference between a pig's head and its crubeen, without twice looking at it But that's not the matter that has brought me here at all, at all. It is in the regard of my second son, that I have come to London. I sent him here about a year ago, to be learning the law and good manners (and the never a worse school I'm thinking he could come to for that same) and the fact is I want to make him a counsellor."

"That must be a very fine situation in life, I suppose, sir, especially for a gentleman from the city of Cork."

" Not a doubt of it; but now, what is the feet, the deuce a counsellor ever he 'll be, and all by raison of you. You have turned his brain, that is what you have, Miss Garnett. He is dying in love for you> the omathaun!"

" Indeed! and is he handsome?"

" Handsome!—there's not the like of him between this and the Mardyke; but what's the use of his being a beauty, when he neither can eat, sleep, nor drink a tumbler of punch. Did you ever know of an Irishman refusing his liquor before now? Well now—what's brought me here is to tell you, that you must not be letting my son fell in love with you, and what's more, I desire that you 'll never let him inside the door; for if you do I 'll—swear the peace against you."

" Oh! dear! how very frightful!"

"I really beg your pardon, Miss, for speaking so mighty cross to you. And, in truth, when I look at you, its little I can blame my poor son for falling in love with your purty face. By dad! if I was only nineteen, I don't think I could help doing that same myself."

" Sir, you are too flattering."

" Why then, now, Miss Garnett dear, or, considering your bright eyes, Miss Diamond ', only just remember that he's barely anything more than a hobbledehoy, and if he continues to be desperately in love with you, he 'll never think of his studies, never be made a counsellor, and perhaps never have the slightest chance of rising to be a chief justice, or lord chancellor, or an assistant barrister."

" But is he really disposed to go to the bar?"

" Whew! why hp's cut out for it Did you ever hear of an Irishman that wasn't fit for everything, from a secretary of state to a common policeman? Sure, there's not a mother's son of us that's not born a genius; and as to being disposed for the bar, sure, we 're all disposed for it, we have such a power of prate."

" Then, Sir, I am much obliged to you for putting me on my guard against your son. I never could endure a lawyer, nor' a law student either. But, may I ask you, what is your son's name?"

"My son's name, Miss, is the same as his father's; and I could tell you you could get some money for it, if you had it on a stamp, at the fair of Doneraile. My son's name is ' Cornelius.' "

" Cornelius! Is it Cornelius? Then, my dear Sir, read this letter. Is that your son's writing 1"

" That is his hand and mark, as sure as that Cork stands on the river Lee!"

" Well then, Sir, only think that this fool of a son of yours tells me, in this billet doux, that he intends coming here to shoot himself under my very window." "

" Oh, Lord! is it to blow his beautiful brains out?"

" Do not be too much alarmed. I shall take care he does not hurt himself."

" Ah ! then do, like a little darling. Only think, that the lives of all the O'Donoughues are in your hands; for if he attempts o shoot himself, then I may never go home, but I'll kick the life out of him, and be hanged for the

murder of young Corney. Pray, Miss, don't let him shoot himself!"

" Never fear; and in order that I may begin the task of preserving him, I shall grant him the interview he asks for. Up to this moment, I assure you, I have i never seen him."

" But sure, if he sees you face to face it's all over; mad in love he 'll be."

" I admit that it will be difficult to cure him."

" Aye, hut are not you going to take a way that will render it impossible?"

" Not at all. Leave everything to mo, and I engage to send him home to you as sensible as yourself."

" And soon. Now mind, Miss."

" This very day you shall see him, perfectly cured, at Charing Cross Hotel."

" Why then, long life and a good husband to you, Miss Garnett. Good morning to you. By the powers! but you are beautiful. One would suppose that you were born in Cork."

CHAPTER III.

A few minutes after the departure of Mr. Comey O'Donoughue, of Drisheen Park, Sally entered the apartment; and by the announcement of a very important piece of intelligence, she put an end to the loud laughter of the two friends. Sally announced that the young gentleman who had written fifty billets, the runaway from St Luke's, the unhappy " Cornelius," was below in the parlor, waiting for an answer to his last letter, either to be admitted to an interview, or to put an end to his existence in the street. Miss Garnett instantly took up the pen, and wrote these words:—

"We ought not to allow all fools to perish, at least, without making one effort to save them. You may, therefore, come."

"Sally," said she, "take this to the young gentleman below stairs, and then show him into the back drawing-room."

The instant Miss Garnett was alone with her friend, she resolved upon playing a trick upon the amorous young law-student. She was an excellent actress, a most accomplished dresser, and, therefore, was pretty certain of her success. With a disinterestedness, and an absence of selfishness, which are very rarely found in a beautiful woman, she resolved to metamorphose herself, if it were possible, into an ugly woman. First she placed over her splendid dress a large black apron, which belonged to her waiting-maid; then she took a thick red, heavy shawl, that effectually concealed her exquisite neck and delicate waist. She next placed coarse mittens upon her fair and delicate hands; and then she put a very small quantity of carmine upon the tip of her nose, wiped whitish powder upon her brows, and then took a stage snuff-box, filled with some harmless mixture, with which she darkened her upper lip.

Thus made up, thus disguised, thus calumniated, outraged, and metamorphosed by herself, she took a long look at the glass, and saw that her charming face and person were no longer scarcely recognizable. Being perfectly content that she should be able to gratify the wishes of Mr. O'Donoughue senior, she rung for her servant to admit Mr. Cornelius to her presence.

Cornelius entered the room, and suddenly stopped; for he was terrified at his own happiness. He was pale, moveless, without sight, and without voice. He saw himself in the house of the celebrated actress; he was in the same room with his "Juliet," his "Desdemona," his "Letitia Hardy." He wag about to speak to her, far from the theatre, far from the public gaze, and alone too.

It seemed to him as if he never could have the courage to raise his eyes to that divine creature, nor the power to speak to her, nor the boldness to answer her, nor the audacity to express his adoration of her. At last he advanced two or three paces, and then looked upon the two actresses, as if he were trying to recognize which was the one that he had fallen in love with from the stage box. Miss fcarnett did not leave him long in doubt.

" Take a seat, Sir," said she, " and remain, if you please, at a little distance."

"A distance!" thought Cornelius, as he placed himself on the very edge of a chair.

" Well, Sir, what makes you sit there, with your eyes fixed on the ground, like a bold hoy at school, who has been scolded for not learning his lesson. Why don't you look at me?"

" Oh, Heavens! this is surely not Miss Garnett! " exclaimed Cornelius, with his eyes fixed on the lady.

" Yes, but it is Miss Garnett Oh ! now I see what surprises you. I suppose you thought you would see me in my own house, as if I were dressed up for the stage, and going on as a Juliet! You wanted to have me with my cheeks painted red, and my nose whitened, . and my neck bare, and my arms uncovered. Oh ! my good young lad, that is all very well for the foot-lights; but when the curtain falls I am plain Maria Garnett once again. I attend to the affairs of the house, I see the cookery is all right; and, you must know, I am unequalled at made dishes. When I get home I am as you see me now. I keep myself nice, snug, cosy, warm, and comfortable; and when I am annoyed by visitors, I —take snuff."

"Then how in the world is it that you appear so very different on the stage?" said the disappointed lover, driven out of all patience; " how is it that you enchain all hearts; that all who see you feel inclined to write poetry?"

"Talking of poetry," said she, "have you seen the pretty verses that Tom Moore has written upon me. Instead of the "Lines to Maria," I should have preferred him sending me a good Cheshire cheese."

"But then the fame, the renown, and the glory that such a poet must give you."

"Fame, renown, and glory, are three hypocrites, and I never ask them home with me. When I go to the play-house they seem to accompany me; they flatter, they caress, and they applaud me; but when I return to my dressing-room I bid them good night; they go to sleep, and so do I. That, Sir, is my pride—but will you take a pinch of snuff!"

"Oh, Tom Moore! Tom Moore!" murmured the distracted lover. "Only fancy the idol that you have immortalized as the perfection of beauty, snuffing up handfuls of filthy black rappee."

"And now, Mr. Cornelius, answer me truly and frankly. Do you still intend to shoot yourself on my account?"

"No, Miss Garnett. No, no. Heaven forbid!"

"That is said like a sensible little man, as I am sure you are. To die for love is the most preposterous thing possible. Only fancy, a barber in the next street hung himself last week for love of my sed[^]t girl, Sally, and she—has horrid bad teeth. But now pledge me your honor, and the honor of your highly respectable father and his interesting family, that you will live."

"I give you my own honor, and the honor of my father, and the honor of all the O'Donoughues, that I will live as long as I can. And this, at all events, you may rely upon, that I will never again think of shooting myself for—an actress."

" Good bye, then, Mr. Cornelius. I mean never to forget you; and should I ever be engaged in a lawsuit, you may depend on it, I shall retain you as my leading counsel."

Miss Garnett rose and curtsied to the enamored swain, and Sally showed him to the door, inside of which he was resolved never again to enter. His love was perfectly cured. He returned to his father, who, a few years afterward, had the happiness of seeing his son as " Counsellor" O'Donoughue, and giving to his clients at the assizes, the benefit of his legal knowledge: though, I am sorry to add, it could not prevent the majority of them from being transported beyond the seas for the period of their natural lives.

